FOR MATURE READERS

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FRIENDS OF MAXX™

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FRIENDS OF THE MAXX™ FEATURING BROADMINDED

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Broadminded=

Spelled SIN

SO, HOW YA DOIN, KID?
OKAY, CHARLEY. JUST GLAD... TO ... BE...
OUT? YEAH, I KNOW. IS THAT ALL YER STUFF?
YEAH, I SHIPPED THE REST BACK HOME. JUST ME 'N THE BOOKS!
BOOKS?!! WHAT KINDA... "BOOKS?"
YOU KNOW... MEN'S STUFF. ROBERT BLY, CARL JUNE, SAM KEEN, HEMINGWAY, MICHAEL MEAD, WARREN FARRELL --
I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE "MEN'S MOVEMENT," CHARLEY. I'M LOOKING FOR THE TRUE ESSENCE OF MASCULINITY IN --
WELL, YOU AIN'T GONNA GET IT FROM SOME, FRIGGIN' BOOK!
DADGUMMIT, JRA!! I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! YOU'VE HAD SO MUCH BULL-GRAVY AND BUTTERMILK PUMPED UP YOU, IT'S CLOGGED YOUR BRAIN! IT BREAKS MY HEART, THE POUNDIN' YOU'VE TAKEN IN THERE. IT'S MADE YOU INTO SOME PINKO THINKIN' GIRLIE MAN.
BUT DON'T WORRY! WE'LL PUMP ALL THAT LIBERAL GARBAGE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD IN NO TIME FLAT!
BUT, I THINK --
THERE'S YER PROBLEM: WUSSES THINK, MEN ACT!
WHATEVER... LISTEN... CHARLEY... IN THERE... WAS LIKE A BAD NIGHTMARE.
I KNOW, BUT IT'S OVER NOW. WE'RE GOIN' HOME.

UH... CHARLEY, I GOTTA GO...
YOU'RE A FREE MAN, IRA. YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK TO DRAIN THE WEASEL, SYPHON THE PYTHON, GIVE THE PONY A GALLOP, POINT PERCY AT THE PORCELAIN, SHAKE HANDS WITH AN OLD FRIEND, BURN THE GRASS, WALK YER BOY...
IT'S OVER. G-GOING HOME.
SPIT
CRACK
DAMNIT!
SO...
WHAT'D YA FALL IN OR SOMETHIN'?
BUMP
SO, YOU CUT YER HAND? NO BIGGIE.
LOTTA GUYS WOULD CRACK IN THE JOINT, BUT YOU'RE TOO TOUGH FOR THAT. YOU SURVIVED. REMEMBER THAT!
MEN
WE BE DOUNUTS!
WHY, YOU GREW NEW BALLS JUST WALKIN' OUT! RIGHT?
UH... RIGHT.
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY, TIGER.

8-11
MINI-MART
LATER THAT NIGHT. .
NOW HOLD MY FRUITY BAR UP, N' DON'T DROP IT... AND TURN OFF THAT GAWD-AWFUL MUSIC OF YOURS!
BUT I LIKE COLE PORTER AND WEEN.
MAN, THAT BUGS ME. THIS MOLDING JUST WON'T STAY...
THE KEYS, NOW! AND GET OUT OR YOU'RE DEAD! NOW, DON'T MOVE!
WHERE'S THE GAWD-DANGED CAR?!
WE WAS CARJACKED.
BUT I SAVED YOUR FRUITY...
YOU SAVED THE @#$!! FRUITY BAR BUT YOU LET HIM TAKE THE @#$@ CAR?!?
QUIT YER BELLY ACHIN'. REAL MEN DON'T GET KILLED OVER A CAR. LOOK WE GOTTA CALL THE COPS.
SORRY, CHARLEY. I SCREWED UP. I SHOULD'VE....

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT -- STOLEN. LICENSE NUMBER NINE-TWO...
HEY, THAT MOLDING'S STICKING UP. THAT REALLY DRIVES ME NUTS!
WHY WON'T IT STAY...
...PUT
SCREEECHH
CKUNCH
AAUUGHH! MUST'VE CRACKED A RIB. FEEL DIZZY.
BOY, THIS GUY'S TOAST.
GREAT! HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR!

... PASS... OUT...
THAT CRASH MUST'VE BEEN WORSE THAN I THOUGHT...
SLAM
PANT PANT PANT PANT PANT
MAN... FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA...
WELL, I GUESS WE'RE BOTH SCREWED.
HUH?
THE TREE. WE'LL HAVE TO TURN AROUND.
OH... YEAH.
...PULL OVER.
UHHH... CAN'T EVEN DRIVE... BETTER
AUGGHH! MY RIBS...
SO, BLY SAID WE PUT EVERYTHING IN OUR "BAG" OR SUBCONSCIOUS WE DON'T WANT TO FACE.
LIKE YOUR BOOKS. THEY MAKE ME ILL, SO I PUT 'EM IN OUR CAR TRUNK. YOU MEAN LIKE THAT.
UH.... NO.
WELL! WILL YA LOOK AT THAT! THE OLD GIRL'S OKAY AFTER ALL!
ARE WE WE LUCKY OR WHAT?
YEAH, BOY, HE SURE DIDN'T TAKE IT FAR BEFORE HE DUMPED IT.

LATER...
GUNS N' PIES
SO ROBERT BLY SAID ANYTHING THAT'S NOT ACCEPTABLE WE PUT INTO THIS BAG WHICH WE DRAG BEHIND US. IT'S JUST LIKE JUNG'S SHADOW. WE SPEND THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS DECIDING WHAT TO PUT IN OUR BAG, AND THE REST OF OUR LIVES TRYING TO GET STUFF OUT.
YOU ALREADY SAID THAT.
OH YEAH.
WE MEN HAVE LOST OUR WAY. OUR BAGS ARE FULL-WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE "JOHN WAYNE" CLICHE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING MYTHOLOGICALLY TO REPLACE IT WITH. WHAT CAN FILL THAT VOID IN OURSELVES?
SPUNK.
PARDON?
GUNS N' PIES
FETCH, GLUE, MAN OIL, PECKER JUICE, PUDDING, STARCH TAIL JUICE, YOGURT. THERE'S YOUR MYTHOLOGY! MALE SEED-UNAPOLOGETIC-TESTOSTERONE!
DING DONG LIBERALS LIKE YOU SAP MANHOOD'S VITAL FLUIDS, WITH ENDLESS TALK.
REAL MEN DON'T NEED A "MOVEMENT". WE'RE NOT A "OH-PRESSED" MINORITY! FOOTBALL, SPORTS, MONSTER TRUCK RALLYS, GETTING DRUNK AND LAID, THESE ARE OUR "MYTHS".
BUT THAT'S JUST OUTSIDE STUFF. WHAT OF A MAN'S FEMININE SIDE?
LOOK IRA, ANYBODY WHO'S BEEN STUCK IN THE JOINT IS GONNA BE SOMEBODY'S FUDGE PACKER, BUTT BUDDIE, REAR ADMIRAL, FART CATCHER, INSERTEE, SKIPPY GOBBLER. THAT'S JUST A FACT, IT DON'T DIMINISH YOU IN MY EYES.
THANKS, I THINK?
LOOK KID, SIT DOWN. YOU'VE BEEN LIVIN' LIFE THROUGH A PRISON LIBRARY'S SO LONG IT'S MADE YOU SOFT. DON'T JUST READ 'BOUT SOME POET BEATIN' DRUMS OR
HEMINGWAY KILLIN' BULLS AND LIONS. GO KILL SOME OF YER OWN!
IT'S STARTING TO DRIBBLE RIGHT OUT OF HIS MOUTH! LET'S SHAKE SOME LOOSE!
UH OH! IRA GOT SO MUCH LIBERAL GOO PUMPED UP 'EM
WHUMP

NOW, ALL A MAN NEEDS IN LIFE IS THE "THREE PEES." LIVE BY 'EM AND THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS FOR LIFE! BUT RUN FROM 'EM AND BOY THOSE PEES WILL EAT YOU ALIVE! THE THREE THINGS A MAN MUST LEARN ARE TO PROVIDE, PROTECT AND PARK THE PINK CADILLAC.
YOU KNOW, PLOOK, PLUG, PLOUGH, NOOKY!
PINK CADILL--
"PLOOK." YES, OF COURSE. SO YOUR CRITERIA FOR BEING A MAN IS ONLY EXTERNAL PHYSICAL ATTR--
CHARLEY LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA LEARN TO BE A MAN LIKE A DETACHED SCIENTIST, IT WON'T HAPPEN! BEING A MAN IS VISCERAL-
YOU CAN'T THINK IT - YOU HAVE TO FEEL IT! YOU MUST RISK, AND COMPETE, AND BE TESTED UNTIL YOU FINALLY ACHIEVE SOMETHING. BEING A MAN IS KICKIN' ASS AND TAKIN' NO CRAP!
PEE #1. PROVIDING. FIND SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR A LIVING. THAT WAY, YOU CAN USE THE MONEY, CAR, HOUSE AND OTHER TOYS YOU EARN TO LURE FEMALES INTO OUR HERD. I KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T "HAVE TO" IN AN IDEAL WORLD, BUT THERE IT IS. THE ENEMY OF PROVIDING IS.... MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO PROVIDE FOR ME, THE STATE, SOME SHELTER OR LIVE OFF MY GIRLFRIEND OR PARENTS... THAT'S BROADMINDED THINKIN'!
THE #2 PEE IS PLOOKIN. NOW, PINKO LIBERALS AND FEMINISTS WILL TRY TO SAP YOUR VITAL FLUIDS! DON'T LET 'EM! WHY'D YOU THINK ATHLETES ARE TOLD NOT TO POP A LOAD BEFORE A GAME?!? IT'S THE SEED. IT'S MAGIC. SAVE IT FOR STRATEGIC MOMENTS. REPRODUCE YOURSELF = GO FORTH AND PLOOK!
IT'S THE SEED. IT'S MAGIC. SAVE IT FOR STRATEGIC MOMENTS! PEE #3 PROTECT. THIS IS YOUR TERRITORY. YOU MARK IT AND DEFEND IT. WHETHER IT BE YOUR BODY, YOUR PARKING SPOT, YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S HEADLIGHTS OR YOUR COUNTRY! STAND UP FOR YOURSELF IF YOU'RE THREATENED, AND IF YOU'RE TOO WEAK, GET OUTSIDE HELP, LIKE THE COPS OR A GUN OR A POODLE. BUT THE ENEMY OF ALL THREE PEES IS THINKIN' AND THAT'S WHY THIS BROADMINDED, ANYTHING GOES, TOUCHIE-FEELIE CRAP YOU READ IS SPELLED SIN IN MY BOOK.
MICHAEL'S DINER

BUT CHARLEY YOU REDUCE MEN TO PURE INSTINCTS. I SEE THE MIND AS A GREAT BIRD, FLYING HIGH ABOVE THE MATERIAL WORLD, AND OUT INSTINCTS AS BUFFALO, ROAMING BELOW, UNABLE TO SEE PAST BASER ACTS OF EATING SLEEPING AND COPULATING! YOU FEAR WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SO YOU MAKE FUN OF THOUGHT AND OPENMINDEDNESS. BUT ALL THE EXTERNAL PEES YOU MENTION STILL WON'T MAKE A MAN COMPLETE AND TODAY'S WOMEN WANT A SENSITIVE GUY WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEIR FEELINGS. WOMEN WANT THE BIRD, CHARLEY NOT A BUFFALO
BIRD AND BUFFALO, HUH? YOU GET THAT FROM ONE OF YOUR "BOOKS?" THE THING IS YOU GOT IT BACKWARDS. ALL YOU ARE IS YOUR ACTIONS WHICH ARE AS POWERFUL AS A BUFFALO. IT EATS, PLOOKS AND SLEEPS, WHILE THAT LITTLE YAPPY BIRD BRAIN OF YOURS SITS ON THE BUFFALO'S BACK, TALKING, RATIONALIZING AND WASTING TIME. YAP YAP YAP. EVERYTHING YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME IS THE BIRD YAPPIN'! A MAN WATCHES FOR WHAT THE BUFFALO DOES! WOMEN MAY SAY THEY WANT "MR. SENSITIVE." BUT THAT'S JUST HER BIRD TALKING-- HER BUFFALO JUST WANTS TO BE PLOOKED, PROTECTED AND PROVIDED FOR! CRUDE, BUT TRUE. SHE CAN YAP ALL DAY LONG 'BOUT HOW MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE, BUT THAT NIGHT, IT'S THE BUFFALO HUMAN INSTINCT THAT HITS THE SINGLE'S BARS!
BUT YOUR ARGUMENT REDUCES ALL MEN AND WOMEN TO STUPID, HORNY CATTLE! I HAVE TO SAY --
SEE? YAP YAP YAP
CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS JACKASS? HE CALLED US CATTLE!
HEY BUDDY WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT UP BEFORE I COME OVER AND MAKE YOU?
HEAVENS, IS SOMEONE TALKING TO ME? WHY, IRA, I BELIEVE THREE TINY BIRDS ARE OVERESTIMATING THE SIZE OF THEIR BUFFALOS
I THINK HE INSULTED YER WIENER, ED! HOW BROADMINDED OF HIM
HOW'D YOU SPELL THAT, SON?
IF ONLY THEY HADN'T USED THE B-WORD!

CHARLEY, YOU CAN'T JUST BEAT UP EVERYONE WHO USES THE "B-WORD"
IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO LIVE WITH THE CONSEQUENCES YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, KID! THOSE PUNKS ARE LUCKY I CAME ALONG! THOSE KIDS NEED TO BE REMINDED THAT INSIDE OF EVERY LIBERAL IS A CONSERVATIVE TRYING TO GET OUT!
BUT--
NO BUTTS! BUTTS ARE FOR BIRDS! IGNORE YOUR BIRD, FOR ONCE, AND FOLLOW YOUR BUFFALO! LET'S GO!
WHAT THE #$@%#$?
HOW'D THAT GET THERE?!?!
SOMEBODY MUST'VE HIT OUR BUMPER WHILE WE WERE INSIDE
WITH THEIR SHOE? USE YOUR HEAD!
WELL THIS GUY USED HIS TEETH, TOO.
THE SHOE DIDN'T DENT THIS BUMPER, IDIOT. IT JUST GOT STUCK THERE.
BUT WHOSE SHOES ARE THEY?
WHO CARES? TAKE 'EM OUT! LOOKIE A PENNY!
THEY WON'T BUDGE
THEN SCREW 'EM. IT'S NOT LIKE ANYBODY WILL

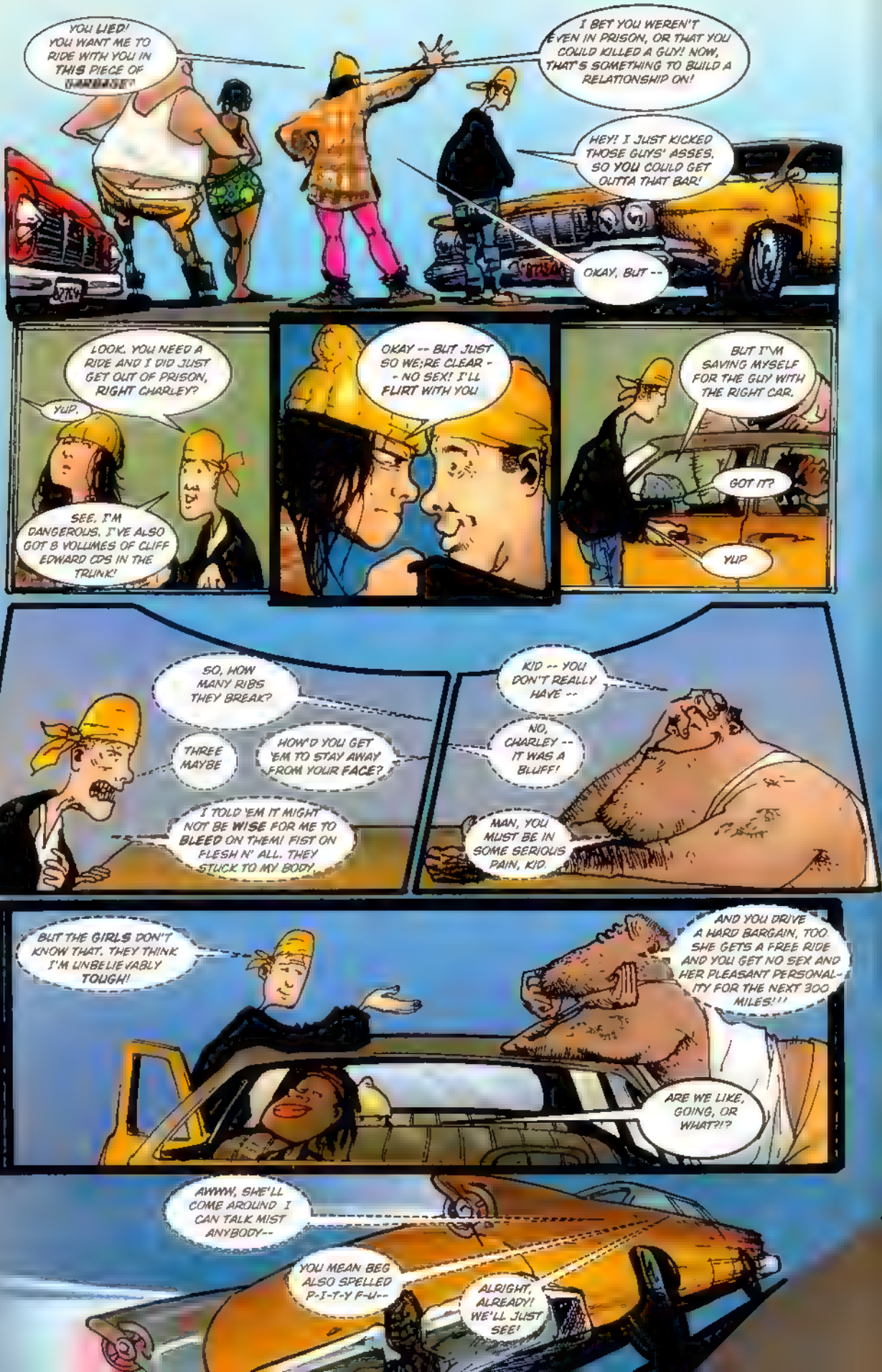
BAR
NOTICE.
LOOKS NORMAL ENOUGH TO ME
SO. WHAT'RE WE DOIN' HERE?
MUFF PATROL. NOOKY ROUNDUP
LET'S SEE BEFORE PRISON, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PLOOKED A GIRL?
SILENCE?
OKAY THAT'D BE ZERO!
AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN OUT WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PLOOKED A GIRL?
ANOTHER ZERO!
SO, ZERO PLUS ZERO EQUALS
"FAG!"
AM NOT! IN FACT, I'VE BROUGHT A DOZEN CONDOMS IN MY JACKET THAT'S HOW CONFIDENT I AM'
* APOLOGIES TO KLOS + THE MALL
UH. HUH S'OKAY, KID. WE STILL BETTER GET YOU LAID JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE'
MMMM. SMELL THAT? FRESH FISH. MUTTON. PIPE CLEANERS, PORTALS OF VENUS, HONEYPOTS, MEAT COOKERS, BELLY WARMERS.
. WHERE UNCLE DOODLE GOES!
DOESN'T IT STIR CAPTAIN STANDISH? STIFF SIDNEY, ROCK PYTHON, IRISH TOOTHACHE, MEAT WHISTLE, SKIN FLUTE, BUSH WHACKER. THE BAZOOKA OF LOVE?
CIGA
ALRIGHT, ALREADY! GEEZ!
GOT YOU GOIN', DIDN'T I?
I STILL SAY TALKING'S MY BEST ADVANTAGE WITH WOMEN. I CAN TALK ALMOST ANYONE INTO ANYTHING. YOU TRY YOUR WAY, AND I'LL TRY MINE!
YOU'RE A [redacted] KID, BUT I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT. GO FOR IT!!

EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?
DEPENDS? ARE YOU A NICE SENSITIVE GUY LOOKING FOR FRIENDSHIP, OR A BRUTE WHO JUST WANTS NOOKIE?
BOTH ACTUALLY, UH I MEAN ER, UH. WHICH ONE GETS ME A SEAT?
SMOOTH, YA KNOW, FOR A "SENSITIVE-BRUTE" YOU'RE NOT TOO BRIGHT. I LIKE THAT IN A GUY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
IRA.
ANNIE, SIT DOWN.
THERE GO THE CONDOMS!
EXPECTING A BUSY NIGHT?
UH NO. I MEAN, UM
NO HUH? TOO BAD I LIKE THAT IN A GUY! WHO GOES AFTER WHAT HE WANTS MY OLD BOYFRIEND WAS A WUSS WITH A PIECE OF CRAP CAR ALWAYS PRETENDING TO BE COOL I HOPE YOU'RE NOT LIKE
THAT'S MY CAR, ACTUALLY!
THAT CHERRY '56 BUICK?!? COOL!!
YEAH, I JUST GOT OUTTA PRISON!
MURDER, KILLED A GUY GUYS REALLY
WOW WHAT FOR?
NO SH-T?
YEAH, ME N' MY BUDDY ARE MAKIN' OUR WAY 'CROSS COUNTRY, RAISIN' HELL! BETTER GET GOIN'
HOLD IT! YOU SENSITIVE-BRUTE.
I'M GONNA BREAK YOUR HEART, AND YOU'RE GONNA THANK ME FOR IT.

IRA, LOOK WHAT I FOUND! WHAT'S YER NAME, SWEETIE?
I'M REEBY. HOW YOU GUYS DOIN'?
HAVE A SEAT. THIS IS ANNIE WE'RE HEADIN' OUT TO OKLAHOMA. YOU GIRLS WANT A LIFT?
WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE IN MIND....?
I'LL GO AS FAR AS NEVADA. THERE'S A LOWRIDER CAR SHOW I WANNA CATCH.
SO, WHATCHA GABBIN' 'BOUT?
CLIFF "UKULELE IKE" EDWARDS. A SINGER FROM THE '30S AND '40S. WE'RE "UKE HEADS."
LOOKIE! IRA FOUND ANOTHER FAN OF HIS CRAPPY MUSIC!
PIPE DOWN, CHARLEY BEFORE I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS.
NOT HERE LATER! DON'T GO "LIBBER" ON ME NOW, REEBY!
I'M A FEMINIST! SO'S IRA. TELL 'EM IRA.
ANY GUY WHO SAYS HE'S A FEMINIST IS A LIAR! IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE TWO KIDS LIKE YOU DELUDE YOURSELVES. IT'S FUNNY HOW THE MORE WOMEN LIBBERS IN THE ROOM, THE MORE "LIBERATED" THESE GUYS BECOME YOU CAN SEE THEIR WEE WEES SUCK RIGHT BACK UP INTO THEIR CROTCHES. DON'T BE A EUNUCH FOR THE PINK ARMY IRA.
LOOK, "POPEYE." IRA'S NOT A EUNUCH. TELL 'EM, IRA.
WELL...
AND CARING ABOUT A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEANS A GUY'S WHIPPED? BULLCOCKY!!! NOWADAYS, A GIRL DOESN'T NEED PHYSICAL PROTECTION! REAL MEN PROTECT A WOMAN EMOTIONALLY!
ACTUALLY, CHARLEY, WHAT I THINK ANNIE'S TRYING TO SAY IS—
YOU'RE A WIENER!
THAT'S IT!
LET'S ALL STAY CENTERED, NOW.
IRA, YOU WANT ME TO RIDE WITH THIS CREEP? I KEEP HOPING YOUR KIND WILL DIE OUT BUT YOU KEEP CONTAMINATING NEW GENERATIONS LIKE IRA WITH YOUR VOMIT!
SEE, IRA? THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TODAY'S YOUNG WOMEN SPEND MORE TIME ON THEIR MIND THAN THEIR BODY. BOTH GO TO HELL! IF SHE'S COMIN', SHE'S RIDIN' IN THE BACK WITH YOU!
HEY!

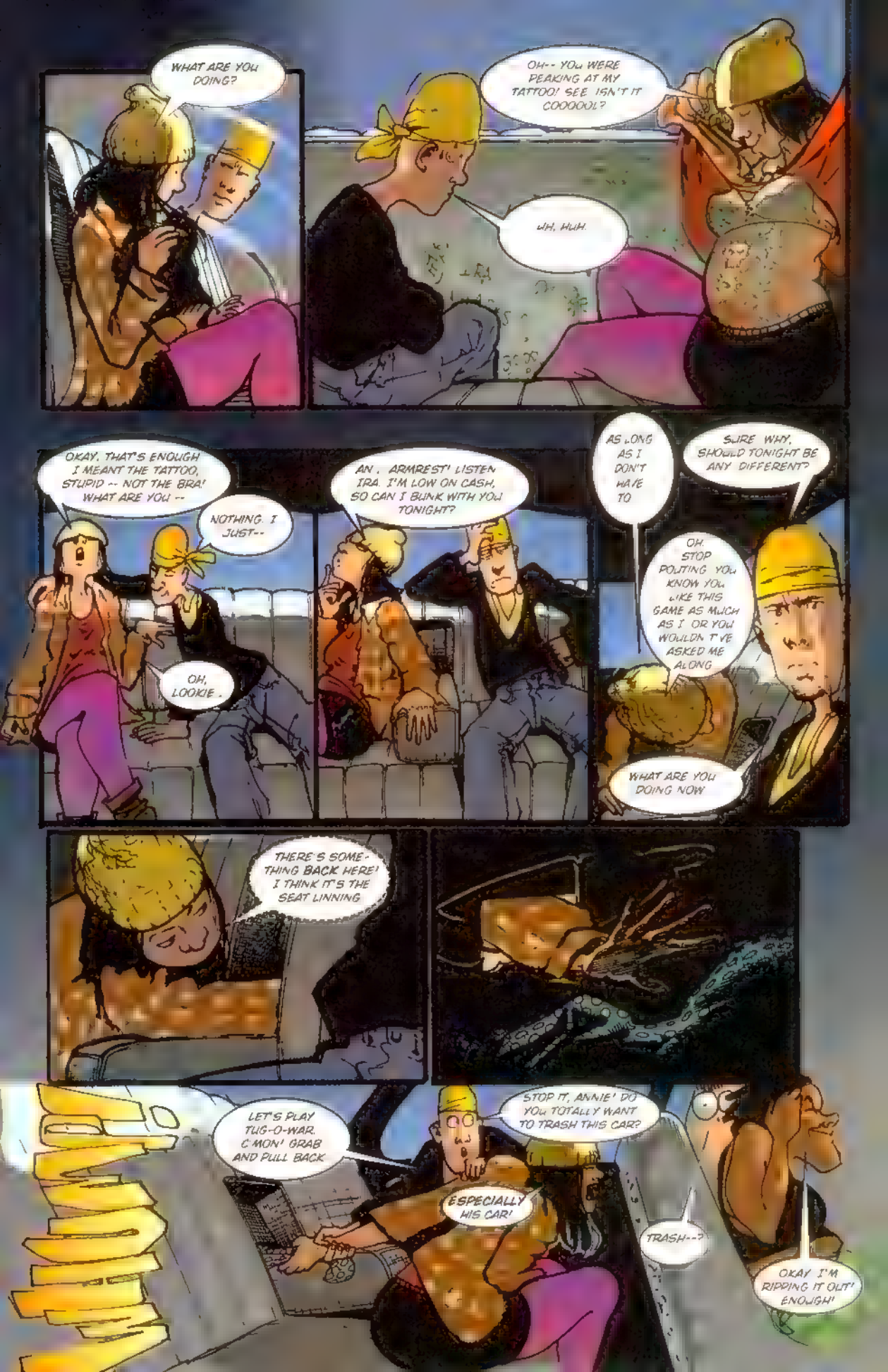
HEY, SHRIMP WITH THE BANDANNA, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT? BETTER TURN AROUND BEFORE I MESS YOU UP!!
EX!
MAN, THOSE GUYS WON'T LET ANY WOMAN LEAVE WITHOUT HASSLING HERE.
PLUS, HE'S DISIN' YOU, IRA
IRA! AREN'T YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING?
DROP DEAD, CREEP. JUST LET ME THROUGH.
ACTUALLY, GIRLS, SUCH TAUNTS DON'T RATTLE ME! MY SELF-ESTEEM AND MANHOOD ISN'T SO FRAGILE THAT THESE BOZOS COULD SHAKE IT WITH A CHALLENGE
THEN GO PROTECT US, SO WE CAN LEAVE.
YEAH. I'M SURE YOU'VE KILLED BIGGER GUYS IN PRISON. OR WAS THAT ALL TALK, TOO?
ME??
BUT ANNIE. YOU SAID YOU DON'T NEED A GUY'S PHYSICAL PROTECTION, ONLY EMOTIONAL PROTECTION.
I FEEL VERY EMOTIONALLY PROTECTED RIGHT NOW. I JUST WANT OUT THE DOOR
DON'T LET 'EM PUSH YOU, IRA
I WANNA HEAR 'BOUT THESE GUYS YOU KILLED IN PRISON."
MY HERO. SIGH.
OKAY! I'LL DO IT!!!
C'MERE, KID SURE, YOU GOTTA STAND UP TO THESE GUYS, BUT WITH THIS BIMBETTE AS A DOOR PRIZE?
CHARLEY, YOU'RE WRONG! ANNIE WILL SLEEP WITH WHO SHE FEELS CLOSEST TO! AN I'LL DO THAT BY TALKING, THE SAME THING THAT WILL GET US PAST THESE THUGS. PURE REASON. WATCH. I'LL MEET YOU OUT FRONT
YOU DON'T SEE ME DOGGIN' REEBY
I CHOSE SOMEONE WHO'LL PUT OUT! THIS YO-YO WILL NEVER CLEAN YOUR CIGAR. I'VE SEEN HER TYPE BEFORE. SHE'S ALL MIXED UP. SHE'LL ONLY SLEEP WITH GUYS WHO TREAT HER LIKE DIRT — NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS. THE NICER YOU ARE, THE LESS YOU'LL SCORE!
NO, CHARLEY. I HAVE TO DO THIS, MYSELF.
WANT HELP?

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
WHO KNOWS? TO THOSE APES, I'M SURE IT'S ENDLESS BLATHER... THEY'RE WAITIN...
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BBLAH
... UNTIL THEY CAN GET HIM OUT BACK AND KILL HIM.
BUT THEY WON'T, WILL THEY, CHARLEY?
EXIT
OF COURSE NOT, DARLIN.' HE'S GOT --
HE'LL JUST BORE THEM TO DEATH! HE LL MEET US BY THE CAR HERE.
THIS IS YOUR CAR?!?
OPEN
SO...
AND HE,S BACK! HOW'D YA MAKE OUT, CHAMP?
NOT A ONE, STANDING. LET'S SPLIT
SPLIT? YOU GAVE THEM THE SLIP AND RUN OUT?
COOL IT. IF IRA SAYS HE KICKED BUTT, I BELIEVE HIM.
THANKS, REEBY.
WHAT'S WRONG ANNIE?
YOUR CAR! A CHERRY '56 BUICK?!?
OH. . YEAH, WELL.


YOU LIED! YOU WANT ME TO RIDE WITH YOU IN THIS PIECE OF CARBAGE?
I BET YOU WEREN'T EVEN IN PRISON, OR THAT YOU COULD KILLED A GUY! NOW, THAT'S SOMETHING TO BUILD A RELATIONSHIP ON!
HEY! I JUST KICKED THOSE GUYS' ASSES, SO YOU COULD GET OUTTA THAT BAR!
OKAY, BUT --
LOOK. YOU NEED A RIDE AND I DID JUST GET OUT OF PRISON, RIGHT CHARLEY?
YUP.
SEE. I'M DANGEROUS. I'VE ALSO GOT 8 VOLUMES OF CLIFF EDWARD CDS IN THE TRUNK!
OKAY -- BUT JUST SO WE;RE CLEAR - - NO SEX! I'LL FLIRT WITH YOU!
BUT I'M SAVING MYSELF FOR THE GUY WITH THE RIGHT CAR.
GOT IT?
YUP
SO, HOW MANY RIBS THEY BREAK?
THREE MAYBE
HOW'D YOU GET 'EM TO STAY AWAY FROM YOUR FACE?
I TOLD 'EM IT MIGHT NOT BE WISE FOR ME TO BLEED ON THEM! FIST ON FLESH N' ALL. THEY STUCK TO MY BODY.
KID -- YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE --
NO, CHARLEY -- IT WAS A BLUFF!
MAN, YOU MUST BE IN SOME SERIOUS PAIN, KID.
BUT THE GIRLS DON'T KNOW THAT. THEY THINK I'M UNBELIEVABLY TOUGH!
AND YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, TOO. SHE GETS A FREE RIDE AND YOU GET NO SEX AND HER PLEASANT PERSONALITY FOR THE NEXT 300 MILES!!!
ARE WE LIKE, GOING, OR WHAT?!?
AWWW, SHE'LL COME AROUND. I CAN TALK MIST ANYBODY--
YOU MEAN BEG ALSO SPELLED P-I-T-Y F-U--
ALRIGHT, ALREADY! WE'LL JUST SEE!

SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT THOUGH A GIRL SAYS SHE WANTS A SENSITIVE, LIBERAL MAN WHO'S A FEMINIST WHO'S NOT AFRAID TO CRY, SHE SECRETLY LONGS FOR A CONSERVATIVE JACKASS LIKE YOU?
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY TO A CONSERVATIVE, EVERYDAY IS THE 4TH OF JULY TO A LIBERAL EVERYDAY IS APRIL 15TH! YOU CAN'T FIGHT NATURE BABE THE FEMALE MONKEY MAY LIKE A MALE MONKEY WHO'S GENTLE WITH HER BABIES BUT IT'S THE MONKEY WITH THE BIGGEST POKER WHO'S GONNA STIR HER HONEY POT!
WHAT IS THIS GAWD-AWFUL MUSIC PLAYING?
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
YOU'RE WRONG, CHARLEY. MONKEYS AND TAKES ASIDE, WOMEN DO WANT A GUY WHO'S SENSITIVE AND UNAFRAID TO CRY A REAL MAN WILL ATTRACT A WOMAN BECAUSE HE'S EVERYTHING YOU'RE NOT! GUYS LIKE IRA MAKE ME HOT!
YEAH, YEAH. THAT'S WHY ALL THE EGGHEADS AND ARTISTS GOT ALL THE GIRLS IN HIGH SCHOOL
I DATED AN ARTIST
SO DID I
YEAH BUT DID THEY GET LUCKY?
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!
ANNIE SAY SOMETHING!
WHY DON'T YOU STAND UP TO HIM?
I DON'T AGREE WITH EVERYTHING HE SAYS, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
"I CAN LEARN FROM HIM"
YEAH, LIKE HOW TO BE A SIMIAN!
I HEARD THAT! I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
WOW I'M IMPRESSED.
HEY, LOOK WHAT I GOT
YOU CARRY A PEN IN YOUR SKIRT?
WHY LOOKIE! IT'S HARD! I MUST HAVE PEN-IS ENVY!
ANNIE, STOP FOOLING AROUND PUT THE LID ON

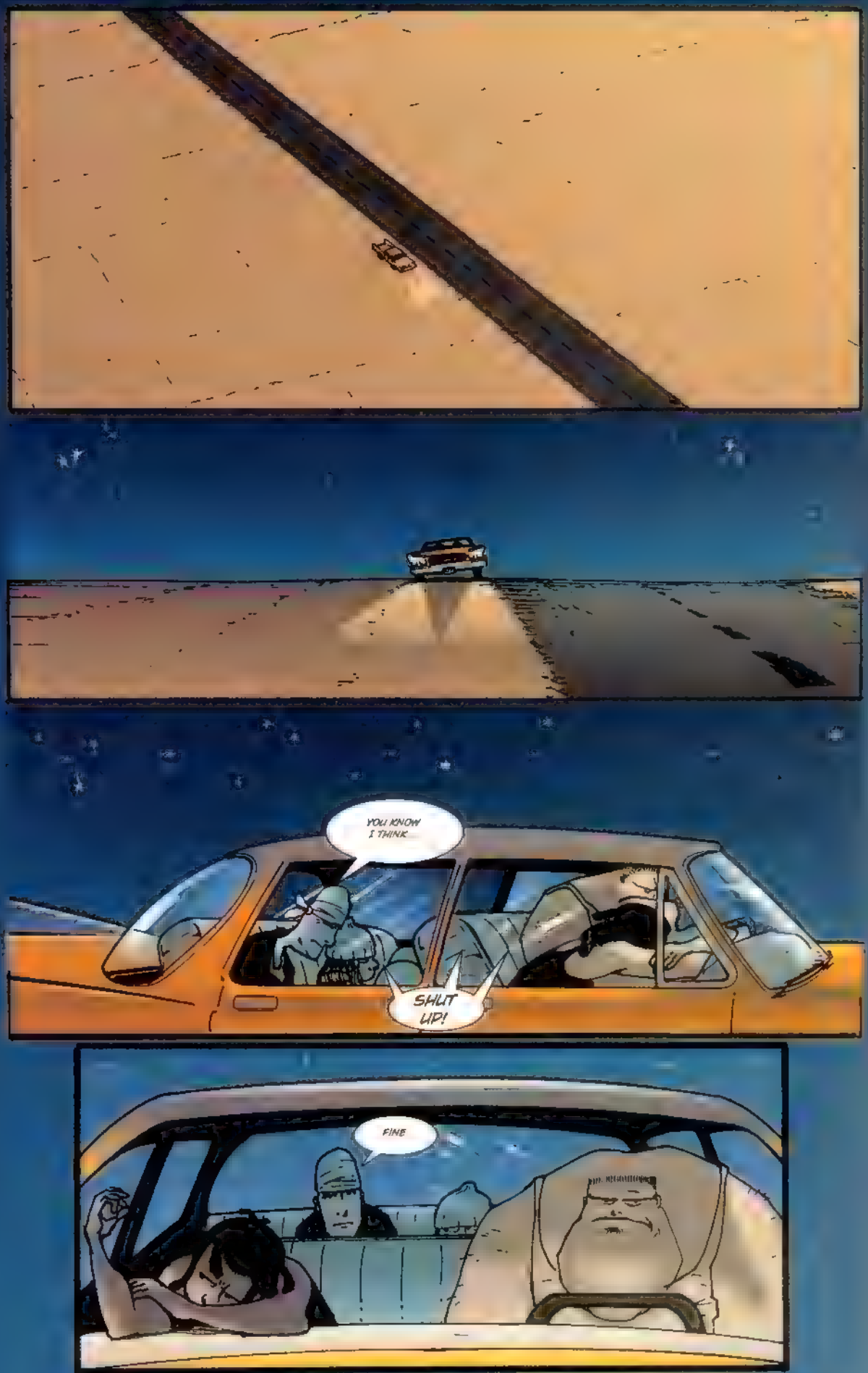
YOU'D BETTER STOP! DON'T YOU DARE
OOOOHH! A DARE! I HAVE TO, IF YOU DARE ME!
IRA!! HOW DO YOU TURN THIS TAPE PLAYER OFF?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO IF I WRITE, HUH?
LOOKIE I'M GONNA DO IT!
GEE, IRA I THOUGHT YOU'D DO SOMETHING HAVE SOME BALLS, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
AND ANOTHER THING -- A REAL MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO CARE IF HE ATTRACTS A WOMAN OR NOT! HE JUST DOES STUFF!
SHUT IT OFF!
WITH SEX, YOU FEMINISTS ALWAYS BLOW HOT IN PUBLIC, BUT BETWEEN THE SHEETS, YOU CLAM UP GOOD!
WELL, IF YOU'RE OUR CHOICE, I'D CLAM UP TOO.
FEMINISTICALLY SPEAKING, THAT IS
WELL YOU'RE ALL WRONG! A REAL MAN WILL ATTRACT A WOMAN BECAUSE HE'S CAPABLE OF DOIN' WORLDLY STUFF, BUT NOT AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS INNER FEELINGS! ISN'T THERE A COMPROMISE BETWEEN YOU TWO FOOLS?
NOW, IRA TURN OFF YOUR TAPE --
THE VOLUME'S BROKEN, REEB


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH-- YOU WERE PEAKING AT MY TATTOO! SEE ISN'T IT COOOOOL?
UH, HUH.
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH I MEANT THE TATTOO, STUPID -- NOT THE BRA! WHAT ARE YOU --
NOTHING. I JUST--
OH, LOOKIE.
AN. ARMREST! LISTEN IRA. I'M LOW ON CASH, SO CAN I BUNK WITH YOU TONIGHT?
AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO
SURE WHY, SHOULD TONIGHT BE ANY DIFFERENT?
OH. STOP POUTING. YOU KNOW YOU LIKE THIS GAME AS MUCH AS I OR YOU WOULDN'T'VE ASKED ME ALONG
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW
THERE'S SOMETHING BACK HERE! I THINK IT'S THE SEAT LINNING
LET'S PLAY TUG-O-WAR. C'MON! GRAB AND PULL BACK
STOP IT, ANNIE! DO YOU TOTALLY WANT TO TRASH THIS CAR?
ESPECIALLY HIS CAR!
TRASH--?
OKAY I'M RIPPING IT OUT! ENOUGH!

I SWEAR IRA TURN THIS THING OF YOURS DOWN OR I'LL RIP IT RIGHT OUT!!!
DISTRACTIVE, AIN'T SHE?
LOOKIE, A BIRD
C'MERE, WE GOTTA TALK.
YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE ENTIRE MALE RACE! SHE'S GOT YOU P@#%Y WHIPPED AND JUMPIN' THROUGH HOOPS! AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANY!
TELL THAT TO "CAPT STANDISH" YOUR BAZOOKA OF LOVE, DON'T YOU GET IT YET? SHE DON'T RESPECT YOU! HOW CAN SHE WHEN YOU KEEP DOIN' HER EVERY WHIM!!
BUT SEX ISN'T EVERYTHING! GIRLS LIKE GUYS, WHO UNDERSTAND 'EM
I STILL THINK...
THAT'S STILL YOUR PROBLEM!
THERE! NOW WHICH ONE OF THESE DISCONNECTS
HEY, CAREFUL REEBY! YOU'LL BREAK IT!
IRA, I'M PULLING THE LINING OUT! SEE?! WHAT'ER YOU GONNA DO?!
WHAT IN THE SAM HILL IS THIS!!!??!!!

YOU LITTLE TOAD! YOU'VE DEFACED MY CAR?!!?
OKAY! THAT'S IT!!!
FFFSSSSS
I'M GONNA KILL Y...
YOU WANNA PIECE O'ME FAT BOY?!! C'MON, I'M READY!!!
IRA IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS THING...
OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE GIMME THAT!
THERE!!! HAPPY? THE @X#&* MUSIC @X#&* STOPPED OKAY?
WHAT WAS...
FFFSSSSSS

BUM
CLUNK
CLUNK
..THAT?
PULLOVER CHARLEY!!!
I AM, I AM!!


YOU KNOW I THINK...
SHUT UP!
FINE

STUPID TAPE DECK
S-NOT MY FAULT mumble mumble
mumble mumble BLEW THE TIRE!
SURE, "BLAME IRA" I JUST
JUST
RRRRENE
W-WHAT'S THAT!

OKAY JUST STAY CALM WHY WOULD HE KNOW? HE PROBABLY JUST SAW OUR FLAT
CALM
CALM
CALM
CALM
CALM
CALM
CALM

UH CHARLEY
-- GET THE JACK!
YEAH JUST A SEC. OFFICER - NOT NOW, IRA' JUST -
OH GOD, HE S MOVING' SOMETHINGS.
... PULLING HIM.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ..
DON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO IT'
THIS ISN'T A GAME, ANNIE'

WHERE'D THIS GUY COME FROM? WHO IS HE
THERE'S NO TIME FOR THIS I'VE JUST GOT TO PLAY IT COOL 'TIL THE COP LEAVES .
AND KILL ANNIE
ANNIE LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY I M NOT KIDDING DON T PULL THE "LINING" OUT OF THE SEAT ANYMORE 'TI THE COP'S GONE UNDERSTAND?
BACK OFF IRA WHAT CRAWLED UP YOUR ASS AND DIED?
OKAY OKAY, LET GO! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SUCH AN A-HOLE!!!
C'MON MAN STOP SWEATING! JUST KEEP YOUR COOL!
WHAT HASN'T?!

WHERE'S THE JACK?
FORGET THE JACK. WE GOTTA TALK.
A WHAT? TEN-FOUR!
OKAY, HANDS UP! YOU GUYS'RE DRIVING A STOLEN VEHICLE!
MOVE ONE INCH AND I'LL--
WE GET IT!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
I DUNNO. BUT I'M NOT TAKING THE FA... FOR THESE BOZOS!
YEAH ME EITHER!

HEY OFFICER WE JUST MET THESE GUYS WE'RE NOT "WITH" 'EM!!!
THAT'S RIGHT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW 'EM!!!
THE SKINNY ONE'S A MURDERER, FRESH OUTTA PRIS--
ANNIE, WILL YOU--
EVERYBODY, SHUT-UP!!!
THROW IT OVER, SLOWLY....
LOOK. YOU'RE RIGHT IT'S A STOLEN CAR. BUT IT WAS STOLEN FROM US!
YEAH LATER, WE FOUND IT, AND I FORGOT TO TE... YOU GUYS I CAN PROVE IT HERE'S MY I D
HMM.

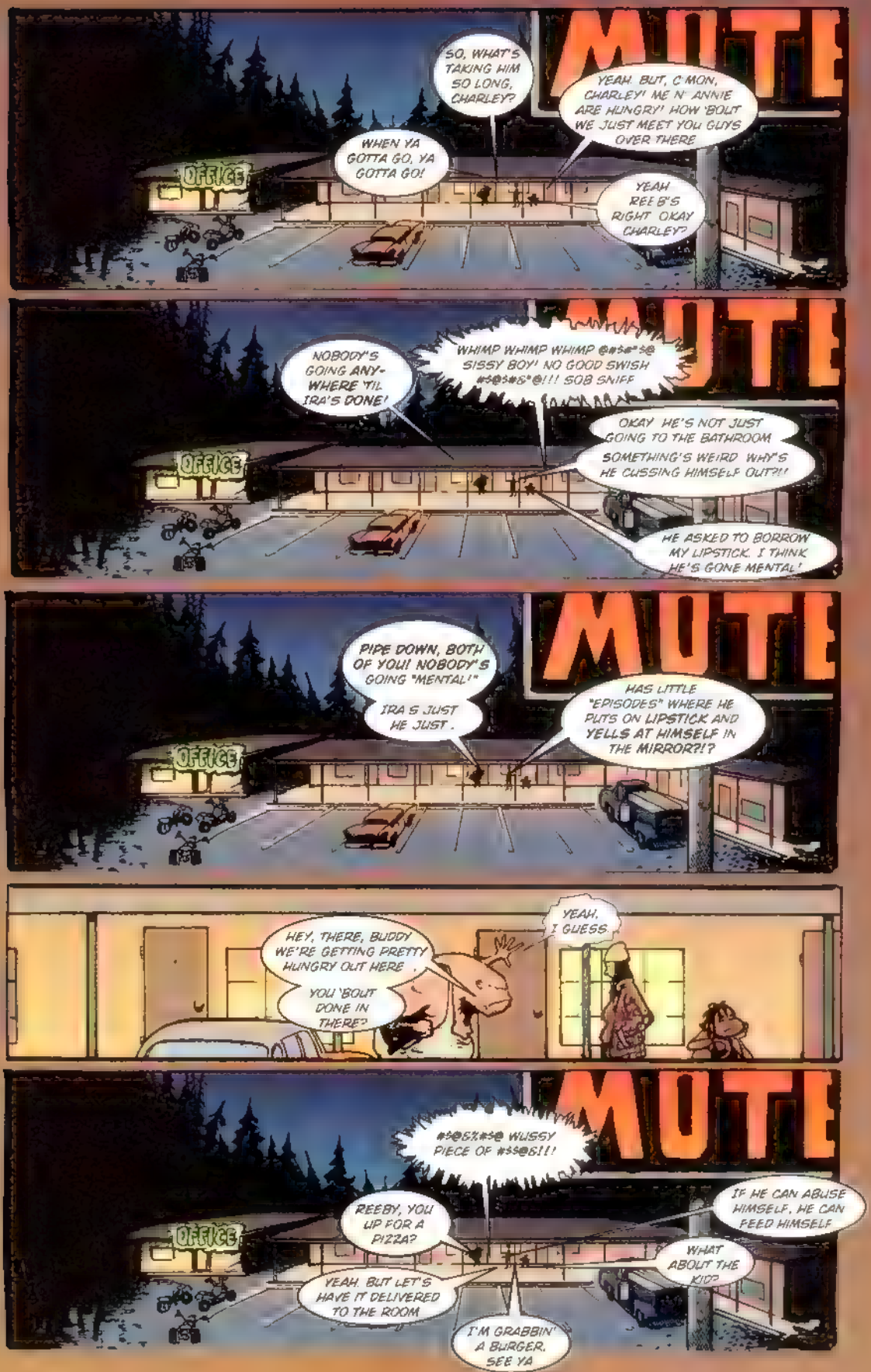
OHHHH-KAY. SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT YOU FELLAS REALLY SHOULD'VE CALLED IT IN AND LET US KNOW YOU'D FOUND IT
YEAH, REALLY
WE'RE SORRY.
SO, WHAT'S WITH THE GIRLS?
AWW IRA WILL SAY ANYTHING TO GET SOME SNATCH, WON'T YA, IRA?
ANYTHING FOR SNATCH
UH HUH I REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS
GET THE SPARE SO WE CAN WRAP THIS UP!
UH OH, THAT'S OKAY
DON'T BE A PUD, IRA. GO GET IT
YOU LOOK NERVOUS KID.
YOU TWO STAY HERE

IN THE TRUCK, A BODY
A WHAT-IE?
BODY
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOT THE LITTLE GUY SO JUMPY
URRGGGG
OH NO! UUUUGGG GAAA.....
NOT AGAIN!
THUMP!

F#%KIN' BODY
F#%KIN' BODY
F#%KIN' BODY
F#%KIN' BODY
F#%KIN' BODY
F#%KIN' BODY
UH, CHARLEY LOOK! HE'S, HE'S
WHAT?
JESUS CHARLEY, SEEIN' THE CORPSE MUST'VE G'VEN HIM A HEART ATT--
NO. LOOKS MORE LIKE SOME KIND OF "FIT"
WAIT. HE'S HOLDING SOME PILLS
HEY, IT SAYS TAKE 2 PILLS FOR SYMPTOMS OF NARCOLEPSY
NARCOLEPSY? THIS GUY BOINKS DEAD GUYS?!?
THAT'S NECROPHILIA STUPID! NARCOLEPSY IS FALLING ASLEEP WITHOUT WARNING!
WE GOTTA HELP THIS GUY.

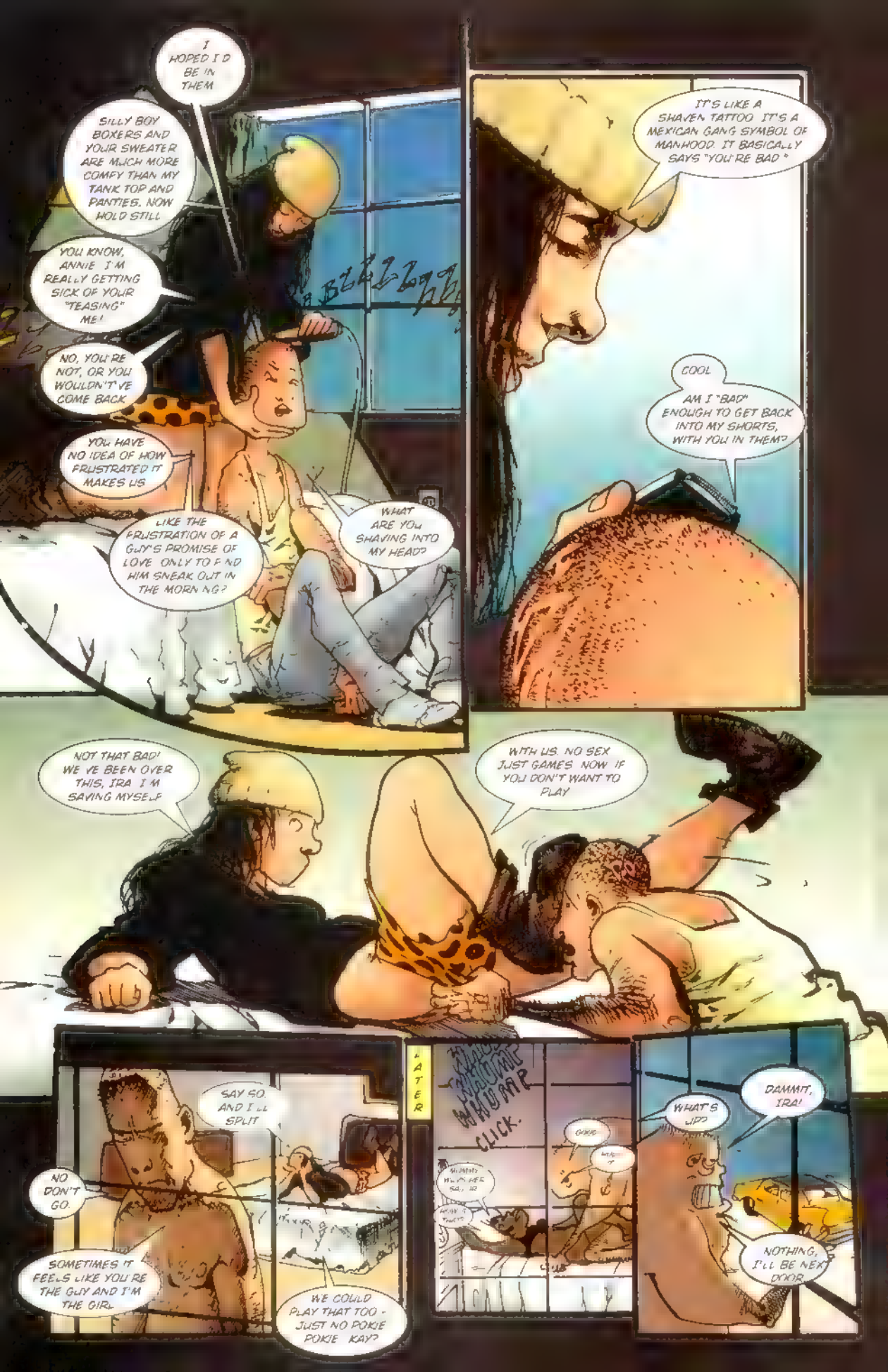
WHAT ER YOU NUTS? HELP THIS GUY TO TURN US IN FOR A BODY THAT'S NOT EVEN OURS?!? HE'S ON HIS OWN LETS GO
I HATE THIS!
UUGGNN!
GOT IT!
ME? WHY?
GET ME THE JACK, LIKE A MAN
LOOK-WHAT WOuLD THOSE FRUITY NERDS OF YOURS, BLY AND JUNG DO?
SCREW THOSE GUYS I DON'T WANNA GET THE JACK!
IRA, GO FACE WHAT'S IN THAT TRUNK OR WE'RE ALL GOIN' DOWN
SLAM
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SO...
THAT COP'S FAINTED. WE LL CALL IN FOR HELP AT THE NEXT TOWN
YEAH NOTHIN MORE WE CAN DO
UH, HUH YOU BUYIN ANY OF THIS?
WHO CARES? AT LEAST HE CAN'T HAUL US IN I M GETTING BORED. LET'S
SPLIT
HAROLD CALL 9-1-1 THAT OFFICER NEEDS HELP!

MOTEL
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT STOLEN AGAIN. I KNOW, "OUR LUCK STINKS." I JUST NEED TO REPORT IT.
WHO "STOLE" IT, NOW?
MAIL
YOU DID! WE TAKE THE GIRLS TO THAT HOTEL OVER THERE AND YOU DUMP IT TONIGHT! IN THE MORNING, WE PLAY "IT'S STOLEN!"
LET'S LOSE THE GIRL AND DUMP THE CAR RIGHT NOW.
IT'S OUR CAR, NUMNUT! BESIDES, WE DON'T WANT TO AROUSE THESE LADIES' SUSPICIONS!
LIKE THE COP DIDN'T DO THAT!
THEY'RE ACCOMPLICES FOR LEAVING THE COP. THE BODY IS OUR PROBLEM. YOU LOOK PISSED. YOU CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT! WANNA TAKE A SWING AT ME, DONTCHA? WELL, GO AHEAD. THE BUFFALO WANTS TO SWING!
BUT THAT YAPPY LITTLE MIND OF YOUR'S WON'T LET IT
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP
DON'T PUSH ME, CHARLEY
OKAY, WELL DO IT YOUR WAY. I'LL SNEAK OUT AND DUMP IT TONIGHT
GOOD MAN.
I STILL SAY YOU'D'VE FELT BETTER CLOBBERIN' ME, OR TRYIN'.
IT'S OUR ABILITY TO RESIST OUR BASER IMPULSES THAT ELEVATE US.
YOU CAN PUT A LID ON A POT, BUT SOONER OR LATER IT'LL BLOW. IT MAY EVEN FEEL GOOD! NOW, WHO'S AFRAID OF THEIR "SHADOW?"
OH, SHUT UP


MUTE
SO, WHAT'S TAKING HIM SO LONG, CHARLEY?
YEAH, BUT, C'MON, CHARLEY! ME N' ANNIE ARE HUNGRY! HOW 'BOUT WE JUST MEET YOU GUYS OVER THERE
WHEN YA GOTTA GO, YA GOTTA GO!
YEAH REEB'S RIGHT. OKAY CHARLEY?
OFFICE
MUTE
NOBODY'S GOING ANY-WHERE 'TIL IRA'S DONE!
WHIMP WHIMP WHIMP @#$#*$@ SISSY BOY! NO GOOD SWISH #$@$#$*@!!! SOB SNIFF
OKAY HE'S NOT JUST GOING TO THE BATHROOM. SOMETHING'S WEIRD. WHY'S HE CUSSING HIMSELF OUT?!!
HE ASKED TO BORROW MY LIPSTICK. I THINK HE'S GONE MENTAL!
OFFICE
MUTE
PIPE DOWN, BOTH OF YOU! NOBODY'S GOING "MENTAL!"
IRA'S JUST HE JUST .
HAS LITTLE "EPISODES" WHERE HE PUTS ON LIPSTICK AND YELLS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR?!?
OFFICE
HEY, THERE, BUDDY WE'RE GETTING PRETTY HUNGRY OUT HERE .
YOU 'BOUT DONE IN THERE?
YEAH, I GUESS.
MUTE
#$@$%#$@ WUSSY PIECE OF #$$@$!!!
REEBY, YOU UP FOR A PIZZA?
YEAH, BUT LET'S HAVE IT DELIVERED TO THE ROOM
I'M GRABBIN' A BURGER. SEE YA
IF HE CAN ABUSE HIMSELF, HE CAN FEED HIMSELF
WHAT ABOUT THE KID?
OFFICE

Broadminded
Will not get you laid
WELL, LOOKIE HERE
HEY THOSE RE COOL BIKES! YOU GUYS WANNA PARTY?!?
MY GOD, ANNIE WHAT'RE YOU NUTS? THOSE GUYS LOOK DANGEROUS!
WE CAN HOPE BESIDES, I USED TO DATE LOWRIDERS. I CAN HANDLE MYSELF! THEY COULDN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN SOMEBODY WHO HAS PSYCHOTIC EPISODES OF VIOLENCE IN THE JOHN!
JUST GET INSIDE, CYCLE SLUT
IRA, C'MERE WHAT'S THE PLAN?
I PRETEND TO TAKE THE CAR OUT FOR GAS. DUMP IT IN SOME BOG OR LAKE WALK BACK, SNEAK INTO MY ROOM, AND THE NEXT MORNING "STOLEN CAR!"
GOOD. NOW, DON'T CRAP OUT! MAKE SURE YOU SINK IT COMPLETELY! AND I DON'T WANNA LOOK OUT MY WINDOW IN AN HOUR AND SEE IT STILL THERE OKAY?
GOT IT
IRA? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OUT

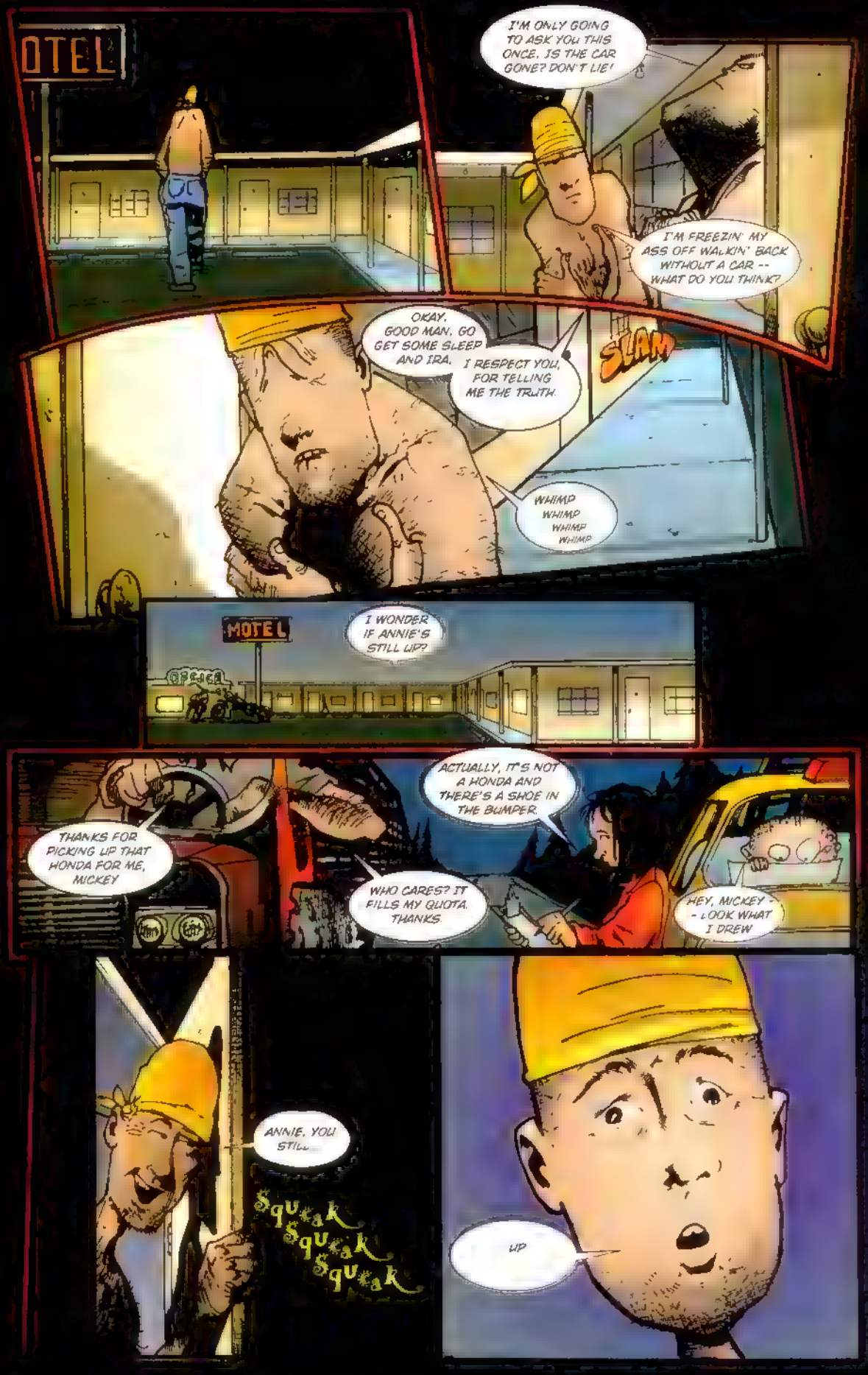
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE I WANNA PLAY
C'MON BE STRONG
NO DICE BABE I GOTTA GET GAS I'LL BE BACK!
I BET I COULD CHANGE YOUR MIND!
DAMN I KNOW SHE'S BLUFFING, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT!
OKAY MAYBE FOR A MINUTE OR TWO
IF I GIVE YOU A PRESTENT WILL YOU LET ME INTO YOUR UNDERWEAR?
ARE YOU TALKING SEX, OR JUST UNDERWEAR?
JUST UNDERWEAR
DEAL
LATER...
THIS LITTLE "VIBRATING FRIEND" SHOULD HELP TEMPT YOU.
GEE ANNIE WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED INTO MY UNDERWEAR
CLICK


I HOPED I'D BE IN THEM
SILLY BOY BOXERS AND YOUR SWEATER ARE MUCH MORE COMFY THAN MY TANK TOP AND PANTIES. NOW HOLD STILL
YOU KNOW, ANNIE I'M REALLY GETTING SICK OF YOUR "TEASING" ME!
NO, YOU'RE NOT, OR YOU WOULDN'T'VE COME BACK
YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF HOW FRUSTRATED IT MAKES US
LIKE THE FRUSTRATION OF A GUY'S PROMISE OF LOVE ONLY TO FIND HIM SNEAK OUT IN THE MORNING?
WHAT ARE YOU SHAVING INTO MY HEAD?
IT'S LIKE A SHAVEN TATTOO IT'S A MEXICAN GANG SYMBOL OF MANHOOD. IT BASICALLY SAYS "YOU'RE BAD."
COOL
AM I "BAD" ENOUGH TO GET BACK INTO MY SHORTS, WITH YOU IN THEM?
NOT THAT BAD! WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS, IRA I'M SAVING MYSELF
WITH US. NO SEX JUST GAMES. NOW IF YOU DON'T WANT TO PLAY
SAY SO. AND I'LL SPLIT
NO DON'T GO.
SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE THE GUY AND I'M THE GIRL
WE COULD PLAY THAT TOO - JUST NO POKIE POKIE KAY?
LATER
CLICK.
WHAT'S UP?
DAMMIT, IRA!
NOTHING, I'LL BE NEXT DOOR.

OKAY, IRA WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T CRY, IT'S OKAY. OH, HI CHARLEY
URP
SWEET MOTHER
YOU DID THIS! YOU'VE MADE HIM INTO A FRIGGIN' GIRL! YOU'VE STOLEN HIS MANHOOD AND HIS SHORTS!!! WHAT KIND OF A SHE-DEVIL ARE YOU??!!
HEY! DON'T YELL AT ME! HE WAS INTO IT IT WAS HIS IDEA! BESIDES, I THINK IT'S NICE HE'S IN TOUCH WITH HIS FEMININE SIDE ENOUGH TO --
DON'T GIVE ME THAT LIBERAL PINKO GARBAGE! HE'S A MESS! WE BOTH KNOW IT! FOR YOU, IT'S CHEAP THRILLS FOR HIM IT'S RELIVING A NIGHTMARE!
I KNOW I'M A DISGRACE TO THE WHOLE MALE RACE I'M NOTHING DIRT
SLAM
SO, I TAKE IT YOU FEEL STRONGLY, THEN
RELAX, IRA. I COULD CARE LESS HOW YOU TICKLE YOUR PICKLE, COAX THE HOG. KEEP THE CENSUS DOWN! THE LESS I KNOW, THE BETTER!
BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP RUNNING INTO A BATHROOM AND DRESSING LIKE A FAIRY THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. JUST 'CAUSE, SOME APE FILLED YOU FULL OF BUTTERMILK
LOOZA! IS THAT WHO YOU WANNA BE?
LOOK AT THAT GUY I LOVE THAT GUY DON'T DISRESPECT HIM, OR HIS MANHOOD. I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU HAD TO DO TO SURVIVE IN PRISON, BUT DON'T MOCK YOURSELF OUT HERE TOO! AND DON'T USE THAT BIMBO OUT THERE AS AN EXCUSE TO PUT YOURSELF DOWN! NOW, SING GOD BLESS AMERICA WITH ME

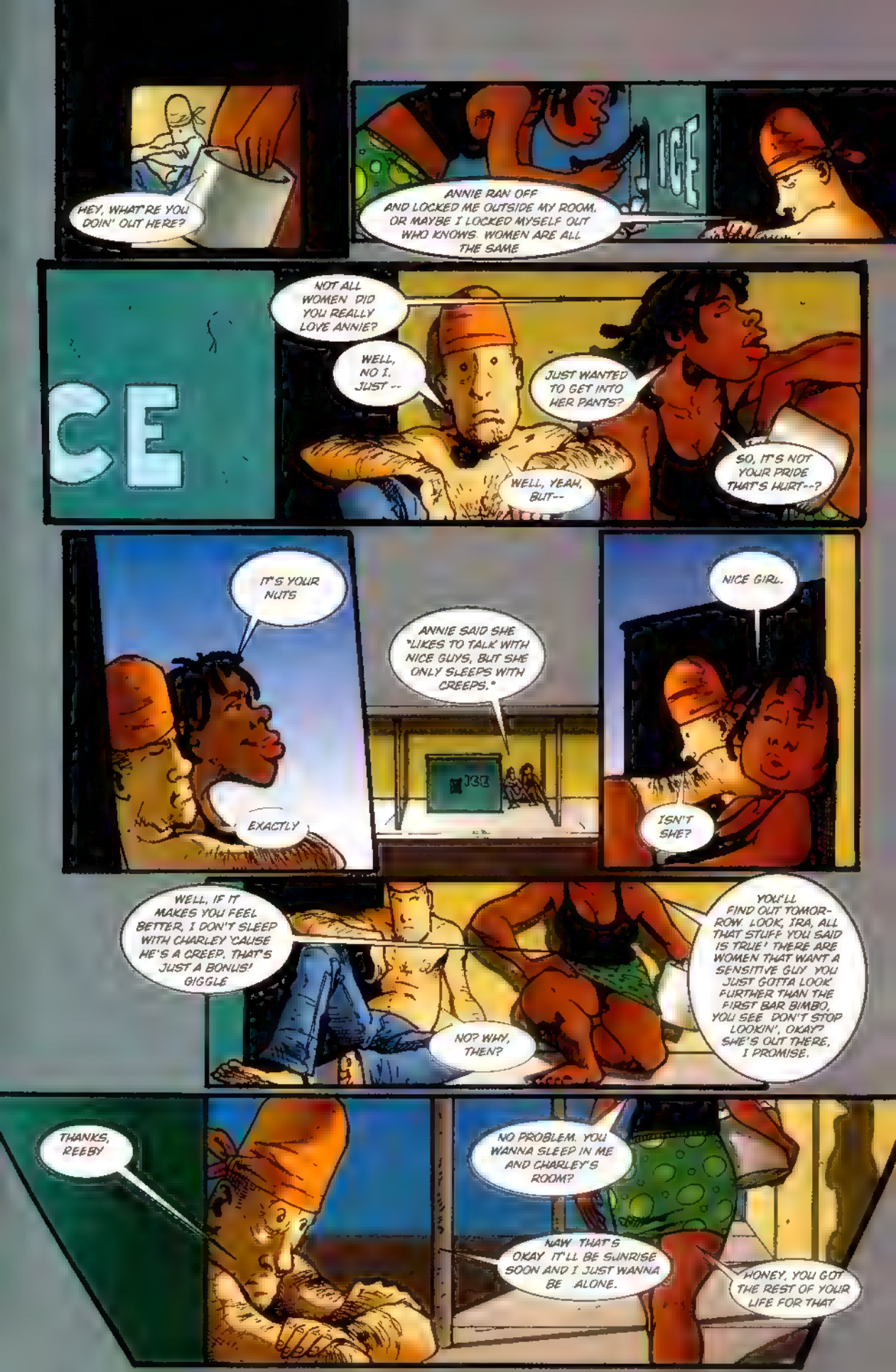
MY GOD I NEVER I MEAN
IRA, AS A FELLOW MAN I'M ASKING YOU TO GO OUT AND DUMP THAT CAR IT'S A SOLID STEP TOWARD PEE#2 PROTECTION = MAINLY OUR OWN BUTTS
GIVE BACK HIS MANHOOD, NYMPH.
"NYMPH'S" NOT AN INSULT, STUPID.
YOU'RE RIGHT, CHARLEY! I'M TRYING TO CRAWL AWAY FROM MYSELF! THISE PUNKS ALMOST HAD ME --
BUT NO MORE! IF I WEAR WOMEN'S UNDER-WEAR IT WILL BE FOR THE RIGHT REA-SONS -- NOT TO ABUSE MYSELF ANYMORE!
GOD BLESS!
I'M A MAN! AND PROUD OF IT!!!
ANNIE I'M A MAN AND I'M NO LONGER I'M ASHAMED!
I HEARD. SO DID HALF THE MOTEL!
I HAVE THINGS TO DO. I MUST GO.
WAIT-I'M BORED! LET'S --
YOU ALREADY TRIED THAT, REMEMBER?
OH, YEAH.
I'M THROUGH WITH GAMES, ANNIE
YOU KNOW WHAT? I BELIEVE YOU.
MOTE
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER
WUSS! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TREATING MYSELF LIKE! AND SO HAS SHE, BUT NO MORE!
GOD WHAT A DAY

SO...
THIS SHOULD WORK DON'T WORRY, CHARLEY YOU PICKED THE RIGHT GUY FOR THE JOB.
THAT'S IT KEEP GOIN'
C'MON DON'T STOP, NOW KEEP SINKING
SIGH
YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S PROBABLY GOOD ENOUGH. WHO COMES OUT HERE ANYWAY?
SHOOT! MAYBE THIS IS WHAT CHARLEY MEANT -- IGNORING A PROBLEM AND HOPING IT WILL GO AWAY. SUBMERGING MY UGLY, SHADOWY INSTINCTS. BUT THAT'S A METAPHOR.
AND THIS IS A CAR.
DAD THE ONLY CAR I SEE OUT HERE IS SOME OLD CLUNKER WITH A SHOE IN THE --
WELL THAT MUST BE IT! BRING 'ER IN, MICKEY!
OKAY DAD
MICKEY'S
TOW

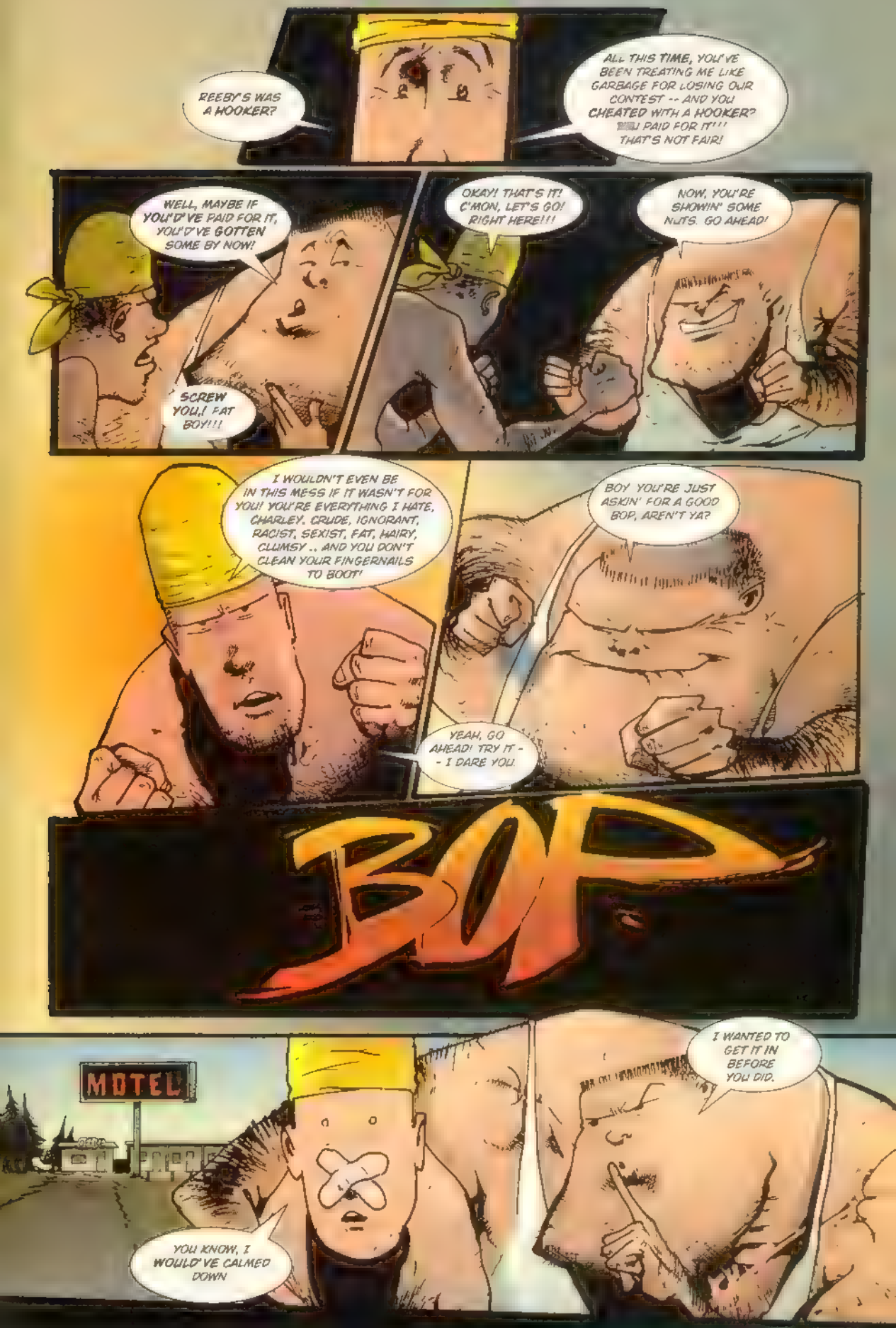

OTEL
I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK YOU THIS ONCE. IS THE CAR GONE? DON'T LIE!
I'M FREEZIN' MY ASS OFF WALKIN' BACK WITHOUT A CAR -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?
OKAY. GOOD MAN. GO GET SOME SLEEP AND IRA.
I RESPECT YOU, FOR TELLING ME THE TRUTH.
SLAM
WHIMP WHIMP WHIMP WHIMP
MOTEL
OFFICE
I WONDER IF ANNIE'S STILL UP?
THANKS FOR PICKING UP THAT HONDA FOR ME, MICKEY
ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT A HONDA AND THERE'S A SHOE IN THE BUMPER.
WHO CARES? IT FILLS MY QUOTA. THANKS.
HEY, MICKEY - - LOOK WHAT I DREW
ANNIE, YOU STILL...
Squeak Squeak Squeak
UP

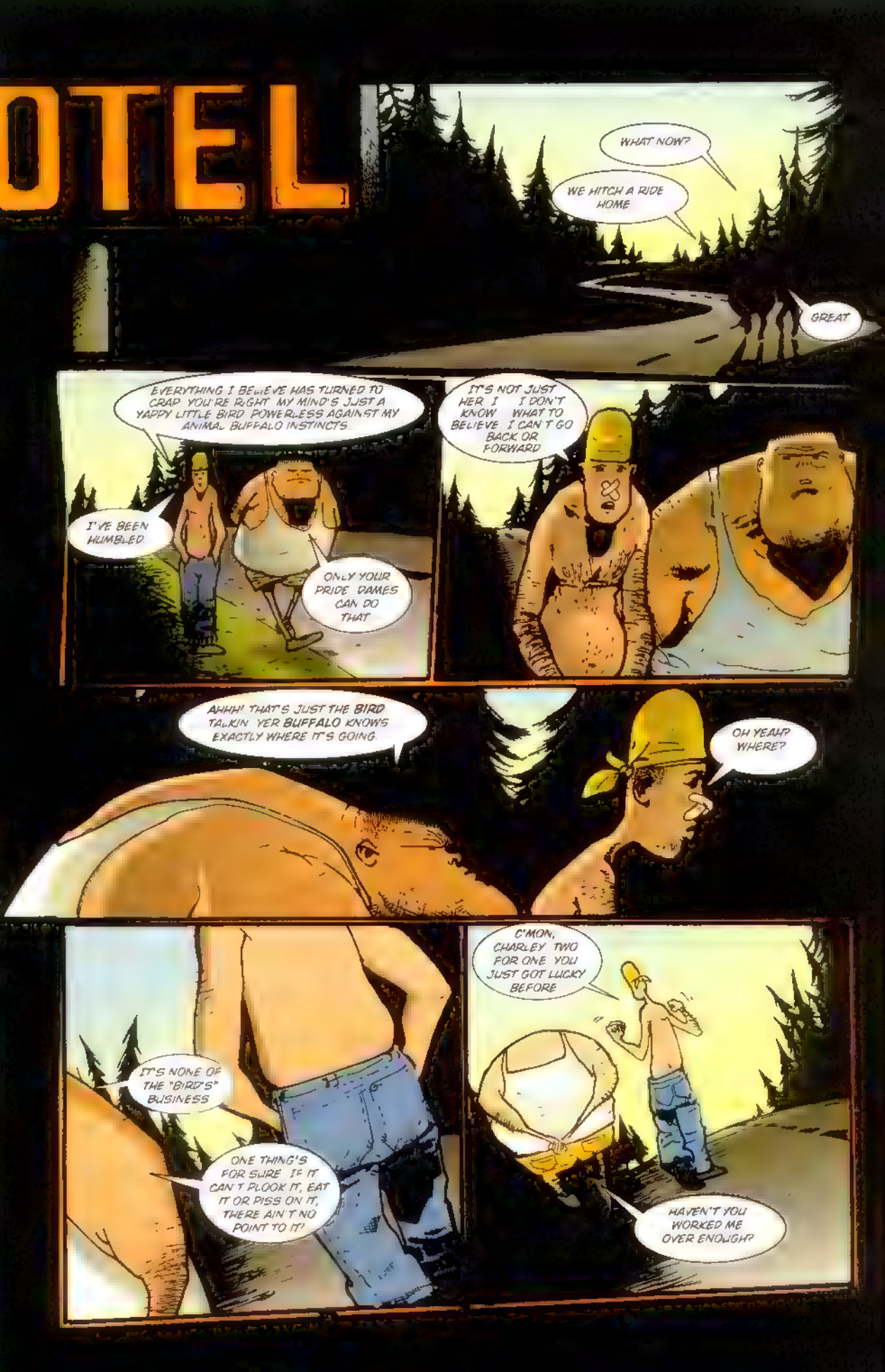
ANNIE?
HI MISS ME?
HOW COULD YOU?
I'VE BEEN JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS TRYING TO BE SENSITIVE ALL NIGHT 'CAUSE YOU SAID THAT'S ALL WOMEN REALLY WANT!
I GUESS WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT, I NEED THE PURE ANIMAL LUST OF RUTTING PIGS LIKE THESE, TOO. PLUS, THEY'VE GOT COOL BIKES. SORRY.
I LIKE YOU IRA BUT YOU'RE MORE LIKE A GIRLFRIEND TO ME. WE TALK, PLAY GAMES, FOOL AROUND.
SO, IF I WAS A PIG, I WOULD'VE SCORED
OOHHH!!! YOU JUST DON'T GET IT. DO YOU? I NEVER TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU!
YEAH, BUT YOU LET ME THINK IT. YOUR MOUTH SAID NO, BUT YOUR BODY SAID --

HEY! I WOULDN'T BE THE ONLY PERSON WHO'S MOUTH SAID ONE THING AND BODY SAID ANOTHER YOU MADE OUT LIKE SOME TOUGH GUY WITH COOL WHEELS. JUST TO GET LAID BUT IT WAS ALL TALK
YAP, YAP YAP
EXACTLY, I USE GUYS LIKE YOU USE WOMEN, TO GET WHAT WE WANT
NOW THANK ME FOR BREAKING YOUR HEART AND OPENING YOUR EYES
THANK YOU.
I'M SORRY IF YOU GOT HURT, BUT YOU HURT YOURSELF. CHARLEY'S RIGHT, YOU DON'T NEED SENSITIVITY! YOU'RE DROWNING IN SENSITIVITY YOU NEED TO STAND UP FOR YOURSELF DON'T BLAME ME IF I WASN'T AROUND YOU'D FIND SOMEONE ELSE S FEET TO GROVEL AT. TRUST ME, I KNOW
WHAT YOU NEED IS A @#$@% SPINE! I'M SORRY, BUT THERE IT IS GOODBYE
HEY, YOU WANT A SPINE? THAT'S MY ROOM AND I WANT ALL OF YOU
OUT
LOOK, YOU GUYS MAY BE BIGGER, BUT I STILL WANT YOU OUT, NOW... OR I CALL THE COPS!
HE'S NOT WORTH IT
WE WERE LEAVIN' ANYWAYS. C'MON BABE
WOW IRA. THAT WAS COOL!
NOW, THAT'S WHO I THOUGHT I'D MET IN THE BAR GOOD BYE IRA
CRAP! CHARLEY WILL LOVE THIS. NOT ONLY DIDN'T I TALK HER INTO BED, BUT I'M ALSO
LOCKED OUT


HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?
ANNIE RAN OFF AND LOCKED ME OUTSIDE MY ROOM. OR MAYBE I LOCKED MYSELF OUT WHO KNOWS. WOMEN ARE ALL THE SAME
ICE
NOT ALL WOMEN DID YOU REALLY LOVE ANNIE?
WELL, NO I. JUST --
JUST WANTED TO GET INTO HER PANTS?
SO, IT'S NOT YOUR PRIDE THAT'S HURT--?
WELL, YEAH, BUT--
IT'S YOUR NUTS
EXACTLY
ANNIE SAID SHE "LIKES TO TALK WITH NICE GUYS, BUT SHE ONLY SLEEPS WITH CREEPS."
NICE GIRL.
ISN'T SHE?
WELL, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, I DON'T SLEEP WITH CHARLEY 'CAUSE HE'S A CREEP. THAT'S JUST A BONUS! GIGGLE
NO? WHY, THEN?
YOU'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW. LOOK, IRA, ALL THAT STUFF YOU SAID IS TRUE! THERE ARE WOMEN THAT WANT A SENSITIVE GUY. YOU JUST GOTTA LOOK FURTHER THAN THE FIRST BAR BIMBO, YOU SEE. DON'T STOP LOOKIN', OKAY? SHE'S OUT THERE, I PROMISE.
THANKS, REEBY
NO PROBLEM. YOU WANNA SLEEP IN ME AND CHARLEY'S ROOM?
NAW. THAT'S OKAY. IT'LL BE SUNRISE SOON AND I JUST WANNA BE ALONE.
HONEY, YOU GOT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE FOR THAT

WAKE UP "ROMEO." WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!
WHA-WHAT? WHO?
LET'S SEE. WHO WERE WE STUPID ENOUGH TO LET INTO OUR ROOMS? THOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE TINKER BELL FORCED YOU CLEANED OUT YOUR ROOM.
ANNIE WOULDN'T ROB US AND REEBY SEEMED SO NICE....
WHERE'S YOUR WALLET?
UH HMMM
CASE CLOSED OKAY. NO CAR. NO MONEY
MY NEW-FOUND CONFIDENCE IS START-ING TO DEFALETE.
JOIN THE CLUB, KID! BUT WE GOT NO TIME FOR ONE OF YOUR EMOTIONAL BREAKDOWNS RIGHT NOW! WE GOTTA THINK..
SO, I TAKE IT YOU DIDN'T GET LAID.
I FOUND HER IN BED WITH THE BIKERS SHE TOOK OFF WITH 'EM.
I TOLD YOU. NO AMOUNT OF TALKIN' WILL GET A WOMAN INTO BED.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT BITCH, REEBY AFTER WHAT I PAID HER TOO!
PAID?
WH. I... OOPS.


REEBY'S WAS A HOOKER?
ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE BEEN TREATING ME LIKE GARBAGE FOR LOSING OUR CONTEST -- AND YOU CHEATED WITH A HOOKER? YOU PAID FOR IT!!! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
WELL, MAYBE IF YOU'D'VE PAID FOR IT, YOU'D'VE GOTTEN SOME BY NOW!
SCREW YOU,! FAT BOY!!!
OKAY! THAT'S IT! C'MON, LET'S GO! RIGHT HERE!!!
NOW, YOU'RE SHOWIN' SOME NUTS. GO AHEAD!
I WOULDN'T EVEN BE IN THIS MESS IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU! YOU'RE EVERYTHING I HATE, CHARLEY. CRUDE, IGNORANT, RACIST, SEXIST, FAT, HAIRY, CLUMSY .. AND YOU DON'T CLEAN YOUR FINGERNAILS TO BOOT!
BOY YOU'RE JUST ASKIN' FOR A GOOD BOP, AREN'T YA?
YEAH, GO AHEAD! TRY IT -- I DARE YOU.
BOP
MOTEL
YOU KNOW, I WOULD'VE CALMED DOWN
I WANTED TO GET IT IN BEFORE YOU DID.


OTEL
WHAT NOW?
WE HITCH A RIDE HOME
GREAT
EVERYTHING I BELIEVE HAS TURNED TO CRAP YOU'RE RIGHT MY MIND'S JUST A YAPPY LITTLE BIRD POWERLESS AGAINST MY ANIMAL BUFFALO INSTINCTS
I'VE BEEN HUMBLED
ONLY YOUR PRIDE DAMES CAN DO THAT
IT'S NOT JUST HER I I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE I CAN'T GO BACK OR FORWARD
AHHH! THAT'S JUST THE BIRD TALKIN YER BUFFALO KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE IT'S GOING.
OH YEAH? WHERE?
IT'S NONE OF THE "BIRD'S" BUSINESS
ONE THING'S FOR SURE IF IT CAN'T PLOOK IT, EAT IT OR PISS ON IT, THERE AIN'T NO POINT TO IT!
C'MON, CHARLEY TWO FOR ONE YOU JUST GOT LUCKY BEFORE
HAVEN'T YOU WORKED ME OVER ENOUGH?

SERIOUSLY, THOUGH. YOU'RE THE ONLY TRUE FRIEND I'VE GOT, CHARLEY. THANKS. A LOT. YOU'RE A PAL. YOU'RE --
DON'T GO HOMO ON ME, KID, OH YE INSPECTOR OF MANHOLE COVERS.
WHY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT ANY AFFECTION WITHOUT MAKING A JOKE?
OKAY, OKAY. YOU'RE WELCOME.
YOU DID GOOD OUT THERE TODAY, IRA. YOU MAY NOT HAVE GOTTEN PLOOKED, BUT YOU PROTECTED US BY LOSING THAT BODY.
THAT'S ONE PEE DOWN AND TWO TA GO.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. THE COP, THE BODY, MY BATHROOM--
LET'S JUST SKIP THAT ONE, OKAY?
OH, UH... SORRY. ANYWAY, I SURVIVED IT ALL.
YEP, KID THE WORST IS OVER. I AM SURE OF IT.
YEAH, WE'RE ALREADY HALFWAY HOME!

HEADlines

Send letters to: "HEADlines" 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285, Fair Oaks, California, 95628 (nghtime@aol.com).

We made it to FOM #2! And we even got enough letters to make a real letter column with a real title. By the way, we are indebted to one heckuva smart fan fella for the name, "HEADlines," but we lost his address. So if he would be so kind as to mail it to us, we'll send him some excellent Maxx goodies for his brilliance. Don't pretend to be him—we'll know.

So here we go again, another FOM. Only this time it's Ira and Charley instead of Mickey and Dude. Weird—I see more similarities than differences. Dude and Ira are dreamers; Mickey and Charley are realists. Someday I'll have to write a story with 3 people and break my pattern (sigh)...

Anyway, what do you think? I know the story's only half over—Ira still has no idea what a "real man" is, only that everything he thought a man was was wrong. Charley's advice seems close to the truth, even though he's a boorish clod. Ira can't go back to his old way, but he can't go Charley's way either. (Let alone than damn body in the trunk! What's that a metaphor for—you tell me!)

In case you haven't noticed, FOM is shaping up to be for older readers, while Maxx can continue (other than this Gone stuff) in the lighter vein it has been going. "Broadminded" will conclude in FOM 3.

We need more euphemisms for Charley - the kind you wouldn't say in front of your mother. We will print the names of those which we use in the next issue.

Hey Sam,

How'ya doin?! I'm just great because I've just read FOM #1. Once again, my money couldn't have been better spent (unless it was spent on my family or for paying utilities, etc.) Anyhow, I really thought it was cool how you took the artist's "unwritten rule," that a comic cover should clue you into what you're gonna read inside, to the next level and actually made the cover the intro page, the beginning.

Anyway, looking forward to many more issues of both your books. Until then, I'll be reading the "typical physical jeopardy crap."

Amado Rodriguez, Jr.
Milwaukee, WI

As opposed to our "atypical emotional jeopardy crap."

Dear Sam Kieth,

Should FOM have its own letter column? Why not? Publish whatever shows up and keep going.

I like FOM. You've made the 48 pages look almost as tentative as Dude Japan's crayon dreams. Congratulations, it's a splendid venture, using many of those eclectic combinations of realism and cartoonism to express the feelings that, by the way, remind me of Carson McCuller's "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" in literature, and much of Dr. Seuss' children's books in plain ol' down-home communication. I'm curious about how much of this "anti-perfectionism" in your stories is biographical or autobiographical. But that's your business.

Sincerely,
J. R. Hasek
Knoxville, TN

Hey Sam,

FOM was sensational! As great as The Maxx is, it was wonderful to see an (almost) unrelated story. The situation, the characters, the low sticker price—it was all suberb! I especially liked the references to Lichtenstein, Rosenquist, Warhol, and Oldenburg.

Paul Silveria
Vancouver, WA

Dear Sam,

FOM is the reason I'm writing. I followed your material in CRITTERS and later on saw the versions of Maxx on MTV. That led me to picking up the book. It's enjoyable, but I feel your peak has been reached with the FRIENDS book.

It's well done and very human that Dude and Mickey don't have all the answers, that they still have a long way to go before they figure it out. Of course the propane tank really drew me in. My father worked for Wonder Bread for 40 or so years, and seeing the imagery of the white rectangular object with the multicolored balloons is always a comforting symbol for me, just as it seems to be for Dude and Mickey.

Something else I like in the book (as well as in Maxx) is that these people have human bodies and faces. The hair isn't always combed, the clothes need washing, and nobody is an Adonis.

Sincerely,
Mike Curtis
Conway, AR

Sam and Co.,

FOM was especially good because it felt more like a really good short story with pictures than a comic. I'd like to suggest another way that you could further extend the comic boundaries that you've been stretching with The Maxx (The Maxx=esoteric sandwich; FOM= interpersonal relationships). I think it'd be cool if you had one of those Write-a-Comic contests, where you'd give the winner(s) a bunch of neat stuff, and you'd have the stories they wrote drawn up and printed in FOM or Maxx or something.

Sincerely,
Mike Cecconi
Little Falls, NY

Thanx. I really believe that comics aren't just for kids, but to get more adults to read them, we have to have more adult-oriented stories, as well as characters that we can all relate to, right?

So whatdaya think—should we have a contest for writers for a change? It seems like artists get all the attention in comics. Hmmm...

O Dearest of Sams,

FOM was the best issue since, well, since #23! Seriously, though, it was fantastic! I loved seeing Dave/Maxx again, even if for only a few seconds. This could easily become a movie (knowwhatImean, nudge, nudge), and if you do end at issue 30 (I doubt it—you've got too many good ideas!) this could easily become a replacement series.

Nathanial Long

Nobody's gonna replace anybody. They'll just run parallel to each other.

Sam,

Just finished FOM without a gram of clue as to what to expect.

Once again you've done it, you've managed somehow to draw a character or given me one (to say the least) to relate to, to a T. With the exception of Dude's appearance and male ego, I personally found him to mirror myself, as many a family member and friend has forced me to realize. I too have had a "Mickey" (of another name) that I still love deeply. I see many of the same attributes, characteristics, and thoughts (as well as feelings) in Dude, Mickey, Maxx and Julie Winters. Even Mr. Gone has something I can relate to.

Thank you.
Christopher Galante
Ocean City, NJ

Dear Sam,

I bought your new book, FOM, and I liked it a lot. However, the one thing I didn't like about it was the name. By calling this book "Friends of Maxx," you rob it of its own identity. Your new book is good and does not have to ride on the coat tails of Maxx. What if "Sin City" was called "Friends of Daredevil," or if "Stray Bullets" was called "Friends of Valiant?" A book may be great but it will always be judged by its cover (it's true), and right now yours blatantly screams "Will Never Be Able to Step Out of the Shadow of Maxx." Maybe #2 can be "Friends of Dude."

Anyway, regardless, thanks for doing quality work.

Sincerely yours,
Chris Gennaro
East Brunswick, NJ

I thought a lot about what you said. It's a great compliment that you think FOM can stand on its own. Hmm. What DO I think about this? Somebody tell me, quick!

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I've just finished reading FOM #1, and happen to be home with a fractured knee-cap, so I thought I'd write. At first I wasn't sure what to expect. I should have known better. In 21-some issues of The Maxx, you made us care about Dave, Julie, Sara, and their relationships with one another. In three issues you've given us Steve and Norbert to care about. In just one issue, you made us see Mr. Gone from an entirely different point of view. The second-to-last page of that issue, where Artemis asks his daughter if

she tried to stop the thugs from killing him, defines pathos. The pacing and lighting were brilliant.

FOM is equally impressive. What I feel draws people to The Maxx is the characters. As I said, we care about Dave, Julie, Sara, Norbert, and Steve. It is ultimately relationships that define us as human beings. A person who has never come into contact with another human being could not exist. First of all, someone would have had to have given birth to them. Secondly, even if they were then completely abandoned, this would become the basis of their relationship with the rest of the world and define them as an individual. We are all children, siblings, classmates, co-workers, spouses, parents, neighbors, customers, etc. As Donne put it, "No man is an island."

This is one of the sources of the power of your storytelling. The Maxx is, on one level, about relationships. The relationship between objective and subjective realities, the relationship between people and reality, and the relationships between people who may or may not agree on what reality is. The same can be said of FOM. Dude and Mickey have, as do we all, unique points of view of reality. It is when and where these points of view overlap or collide that we have the makings of drama, comedy, tragedy, romance, and adventure.

Besides being fun to read and beautiful to look at, your work reminds us of the fact that we have much more in common than we have keeping us apart. You stimulate our hearts and minds, asking us to give a damn. I think that this helps make the world a better place. Once again, Mr. Kieth, thank you.

Sincerely,
Brian R. Dixon

Dear Sam I Am,

I want to convey my thanks for FOM #1. You definitely hit some spots close to home as far as one recently-failed relationship goes (guess who). Was that story auto-biographical? It seems to ring so heartfelt. Anyway, great job as always

Clint Stone
South Bend, OR

Why does everybody think this story is autobiographical? I weigh 400 lbs, have hair all over my body, and never have any problems with woman. (Now where did I put those crayons...)

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Will anyone from FOM ever appear in the regular series?

Faithful Maxxhead,
Mike Ruiz
South Pasadena, CA

Hey, it's a small world. Who know who lurks where...

Dear Sam,

It's late at night and I have school tomorrow and I shouldn't be up this late 'cause I'll never get up in the morning but it seems that inspiration always strikes at night and I can't get to sleep without writing something. That may be the longest sentence I have ever written.

Anyway, I just need to express how wonderful I thought the first issue of FOM was. I have been reading comics for only a few years, but my brother happens to be a collector so I have read probably 20 years' worth of comics in that short time. Most of them involve mediocre art and even worse writing. But every once in a while you run into something astounding. Your work and that of Bill Messner-Loebs has been extraordinary. I love the way you draw arms. When I went to a theater camp this summer, I did a monologue of Maxx #4 (about Sara and the gun). I feel very close to her. I can't seem to understand your ability to illustrate female characters so well. Most women in comics are there simply to stick out their chests and make pretty background pictures [the men, too, in fact]. As an aspiring feminist, it means a lot to me that you portray women as you would portray a man.

Anyway, FOM was fantastic. It took me a while to get through it, but who cares—it was worth it. It is so refreshing to see in comics, a medium that so desperately wants to be taken seriously, a book without the prerequisite large, hulking superhero in tights, a thing that is about as silly as you can get. In an industry that is so testosterone-charged, it was really a risk to write something with such a mainstream distribution in such an unconventional way. Parts of it were profound. Most of it I won't even get until, like, the thirteenth time I read it. It was simple and straightforward and human and if it counts for anything at all, I really, really liked it.

Sincerely,
Gretchen Gueguen
Kittaaning, PA

More than you know, Gretchen. More than you know.